

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

Do you know you have asked for the cutest thing
ever made by the hand of man?
A woman's heart and true love.
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this precious thing,
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my name of duty out—
Man-like you have questioned me!
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul.
Until I shall question thee.

You may require that your woman shall always be hot
Your looks and your suits be whole!
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as the heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far greater thing!
A husband you're wanting for action and for strife,
I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did on the first,
And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day.
Will you love me then? Will the King heaven,
As you did among the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may touch my all on its tide?
A loving woman thus heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all I will make my life
Be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a laundress and a cook
You can hire, and this is to pay!
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won in that way.

"Piety," remarked an Arkansas preacher to his congregation the other day, "does not consist in noise. The Lord can see you give to the needy just as easily as he can hear you pray the roof off."

An observing editor thus tells us all about it: "The 'land grab' and the 'salary grab' are matters of history. But the 'skirt grab' is a new wrinkle. When a lady strikes the sidewalk she drops her left shoulder, gracefully swings the upper half of her body around towards the rear, 'grabs' a handful of skirts, straightens up and moves off with calm satisfaction illuminating her countenance. There is nothing wrong about it, but it looks no funny."

—Special pleading has been long abolished in the New England States, and replications, rejoinders, rebutters, and surrebutters have fallen into disuse. When they obtained, it was once alleged, in the pleadings of a case brought upon a marine policy of insurance, that the vessel was wrecked and totally lost by the act of God, and through no fault of the owners or persons on board. The opposite attorney "traversed" in rejoinder, "that whereas, in truth and in fact, the said loss was not the act of the said God, but occasioned solely by the baratarous and fraudulent course of the master!"

WHAT A REVILER GOT.—An English correspondent relates the following fresh story of the times of the Commune in Paris: "As several Versailles were being led away to be shot, one man in the crowd that accompanied them to see the shooting made himself conspicuous by taunting and reviling the prisoners. 'There, confound you,' said one of the prisoners at last, 'don't you try to get out of it by edging off into the crowd, and pretending you are one of them. Come back here; the game is up; let us all die together; and the crowd was so persuaded that the Commune's vehemence was only assumed to cloak his escape that he was marched into file with the prisoners, and duly shot.'

The following statistics of the Protestant Episcopal Church are given in the "Church Almanac" for 1878: Bishops, 61; priests and deacons, 3,216; baptisms, 46,787; confirmations, 29,179; communicants, 281,097; marriages, 10,122; burials, 21,937; candidates for orders, 337; ordinations—deacons, 134; priests, 106; Sunday-school teachers, 29,548; scholars, 275,018; contributions, \$6,734,278. Comparing these statistics with those of 1876, there is an increase in favor of 1877 of 4,000 baptisms, 3,000 confirmations, 13,000 communicants, 6,000 marriages, 1,800 burials, 4 candidates for orders, 29 ordinations, 3,000 Sunday-school teachers, 80,000 scholars and \$200,000 in contributions. Sixteen clergymen have been deposed and 64 have died.

ADULTERATION OF BEER.—According to a high German authority, beer is adulterated by a great variety of drugs and other substances, principally vegetable; some of which are harmless, while others are very injurious. These he classifies as, first, the bitter ingredients, intended to imitate the bitter taste of the hops; second, the bitter aromatic, also intended to reproduce the taste of the hop; third, the aromatic, meant to make the beer more stimulating; fourth, the sharp and aromatically sharp, to make the taste more pungent; fifth, the narcotic and sharply narcotic, to make the liquor more stupefying. Among the substances are mentioned opium, belladonna, henbane, tobacco, ignatius bean, cocculus indicus, etc.; all of which are more or less poisonous and repulsive.

APPLE CAKE.—Butter the size of an egg, one cupful of sugar, 4 eggs well beaten, 1 cupful of flour, 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder, lemon extract. Bake in 4 layers. Jelly for the above.—1 lemon, the juice and half the rind, 1 large apple grated (sour), 1 cupful of sugar, boil five minutes; then let it cool and spread between the cakes.

APPLE PORK.—Have the bones taken from a leg of pork, and the skin scored in diamonds; fill the place which the bone has left with juicy apples, pared, cored, and cut small; a little brown sugar, and some grated rind of lemon; place in a large baking-pan, and around it whole apples, pared and cored, with brown sugar sprinkled over them, and the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Bake 3 hours, or according to the size of the joint; put about half a teaspoonful of water in the pan.

SALT-RISING BREAD.—Scald equal quantities of Indian meal and flour—a teaspoonful of each—with a teaspoonful of salt; add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cold water and stir thoroughly; put in a warm place over night, then add a teaspoon of milk-warm water and enough of flour to make a thick batter; place in a vessel of warm water to rise and in a short time your yeast will be ready to mix up. By this method you will get your bread baked in the forenoon.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—1 quart of milk, 6 ounces of sugar, 2 ounces of lard. Put all into a saucepan on the stove. When dissolved take it off and strain through a sieve; then put it on ice until it begins to set and then add 1 cup of wine and flavor to taste. When it begins to set, take 1 quart of cream, beat it to a stiff froth and stir all together. Then take Charlotte russe molds, line them with sponge-cake, with a large layer of jelly at the bottom; fill with the custard and set it on ice for 2 hours.

"The counsel for the plaintiff," said a gay and festive attorney of the Superior Court, "has been somewhat discursive in his remarks to you. He has alluded to almost everything in the pages of history, ancient and modern. He has socked with old Socrates, roamed with old Romulus, ripped with old Euripides, and canted with old Cantharides. But gentlemen of the jury, what has that got to do with this case? All his allegations are false, and the old alligator knows it himself. My client don't need any of this fine talk. Look at him, gentlemen, and say, if you can, that he hasn't done the honest thing by the plaintiff! From his youth up he has been as you now find him—A No. 1, extra inspected, sealed and screened, copper-fastened, free from scoots, silver-steel, buck-horn handle, nine yards to the dollar, thread thrown in."

We have in a recent English magazine the report of a case where a student of Trinity College was placed in the dock, charged with a petty theft committed in a shop, and the defense was, his station in life, his prepossessing appearance, and his family. The judge charged in these words: "Gentlemen of the jury, this is a short issue; the prisoner at the dock is a young gentleman of attractive manner and irreproachable connection, who stole a pair of silk stockings—and you will find accordingly."

Inscrutable old party—"Conductor, why didn't you wake me up, as I asked you? Here I am miles beyond my station? Conductor—"I did try, but all I could get out of you was, 'all right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"

A young American prima donna, who took lessons in Milan a few years ago, and returned to this country disgusted with the tyranny of Italian music teachers, has been engaged as a substitute for a steam-whistle in a Massachusetts boot factory.

The New York Graphic cartoonist paints Father Knickerbocker as he makes this speech to the Gotham office-holder: "See here! You're a pretty set of fellows! How dare you cut down the \$500 salary of this poor girl who teaches your children, while your Sheriff helps himself to \$100,000 a year, your Register to \$60,000, your Coroner to \$25,000 and your County Clerk to \$50,000? And this is what you call economy!"

In 1872 M. Maretsek deposited \$15,000 with some bankers in London, as security for the due performance of a contract he had made with Pauline Lucas, by the terms of which she was to sing 100 nights in New York for \$1,000 a night and a proportion of the net receipts. He sued to recover the \$15,000 deposited, alleging that he paid her according to contract. Lucas declared that the \$15,000 was part of the salary due her, but failing to appear, the court has granted a decree in favor of M. Maretsek, and directed that the costs should be paid by her—viz. Wallflower, the prima donna's latest husband.

A SMALL SPECIMEN OF HUMANITY.—Master Franky Flynn, of Norwich, New York, is the smallest specimen of a boy ever known. He is four and a half years old, and is thus described by the correspondent of the Union "Observer":

"We went to see him, expecting a Tom Thumb or Commodore Nutt to walk in before us. Imagine our surprise when his grandmother brought him in as one would a good-sized cat. He is not so large as one of Tom Thumb's legs. In Tom Thumb's carriage he would look as lonesome as an ordinary man in a circus band wagon. To sit upon one of Tom Thumb's easy chairs would be to him what it is to the ordinary boy to perch upon a gate-post when the spring comes. He is smaller than any one can conceive who has not actually seen him. Yesterday he had on two pairs of stockings, and even then the smallest-sized baby-shoes were too large for him. His wrist is of the size of an ordinary man's thumb, his ankle but a slight increase. He was dressed in a full suit like a man. He stands twenty-three inches in his shoes, and weighs, clothes and all, twelve pounds. That is the most he ever weighed in his life. Still he is a lively, sprightly boy, very active, climbing into chairs, and getting down; walks around with his hands back of him, 'like his grandpa,' and talks and laughs, and is as cute as any boy of his years. He is no longer than he was when one year old."

—In good old times, when the youthful mind received its impression of Maine from the representation, "Parley's Geography for Children," of a Penobscot chief, adorned with feathers, warpaint, and tomahawk, monarch of all he surveyed, among the shingles of Bangor, a trial for murder occurred in that city, wherein one of the aborigines was the most important witness for the prosecution. On the preliminary examination whether he comprehended the nature and effect of an oath the wild child of the forest seemed a little confused. Able counsel in vain endeavored to extort a sense of his responsibility. The venerable Chief Justice interposed, and, with that solemnity of manner which was always impressive, he inquired of the witness as follows: "Peol Sabattis, do you believe that if a man dies he shall live again?" "Not by d—d sight," was the profane reply. "Indian no die but once; once dead, always dead!" It is hardly necessary to add that Peol's testimony was not received.

—Brother N—, a highly respectable member of the legal profession in an adjoining county, was always sound in matters of law, but never particularly brilliant in the presence of that great palladium of American liberty and umbrells of our rights sometimes called a jury. On one occasion his exordium in a criminal case rather detracted from his influence. "Coming from all parts of the county as you do, gentlemen, and acquainted with all kinds of rascality as all of you undoubtedly are" (here the foreman smiled) "and especially you, Mr. Foreman, I doubt if a case of equal atrocity to this ever was within your experience."

HE COULDN'T SWEAR.—A driver of a coal-wagon up in A. would, on small provocation, swear furiously. One day some boys in the place saw him with a full load of coal driving slowly along the street. As they were out for mischief, and knew him well, one of the urchins stole cautiously behind the team and let down the tail-board. Then they ran to a respectful distance, and waited with eager expectation for the volley they knew would come. Jim got down from his seat, looked at the boys a moment, then at their work, then again at them, and calmly remarked, "Boys, I—I can't do this thing justice; go home!"

—Sin continues to pervert certain parts of Iowa, though vigorous efforts are made to extirpate it. A praiseworthy effort in that direction was made recently in one of the enterprising towns of that State. A prominent banker, noted for exacting more than legal "usance" on loans, was active at a revival, and while wrestling in prayer, brought the Lord to humble the rebellious spirits of sinners, that they might take more interest in serious things. "Yes," remarked an unawakened citizen, "three per cent. a month, with real estate 'collateral.' Every body in meeting seemed to know what was meant."

Satin is now the rage. It went out of fashion in England twenty-eight years ago, when Mrs. Manning, a celebrated murderess, at one time lady's maid to the late Duchess of Sutherland, was hung in a black-gatin dress.

Four-year-old, to his mother holding the baby—Say, mamma, say! Let squawking little baby come to visit 'ee's so only child; you got it!—I'll give him back again!—London Paper.

A Leopard and a Gambler sat down to a little game of Draw Poker. The Leopard was much elated when he picked up his Hand and discovered Four Sevens, and he had already determined to invest the Pot in a pair of rubber boots, when the Gambler, by a neat and skilful shift of the cut, dealt himself Four Eights and therewith raked down the Pile. "Oh! hold on," exclaimed the indignant and disappointed Leopard, "you have sought to take advantage of me because I cannot change my Spots, but I know a Trick worth a dozen of that."—and so saying he devoured the skilful Gambler, and taking the proceeds of the Pot purchased a pair of rubber boots as he at first had proposed. Moral.—There's nothing sure but Death and Aces.

SWEAR IN GAELIC.—A lady traveling from Edinburgh to Glasgow was much annoyed by a young officer's conversation in the carriage being interspersed with oaths. She sat uneasy till she could no longer keep silence. "Sir," she said to the officer, "can you talk in the Gaelic tongue?" To this he replied in the affirmative, seemingly with great pleasure, expecting to have some conversation with the lady in that dialect. She then politely requested that if he wished to swear any more, it might be in that language, as the practice of swearing was very offensive to herself and the rest of the company. The officer was confounded at this reproof, and no more oaths were heard from him during the remainder of the journey.

A PROMPT MULE.—A good story is told of a deacon in Tennessee, who was in the habit of riding a bucking mule—that is a mule that can make a camel's back of its straight one, and by a spasmodic movement of its four legs and hump, discharge its rider like a cannon ball. The other day they came to the worst mud hole in the State, and the mule gave unmistakable indications of bucking. The good deacon knew that he was about to be thrown, and his mind skurried about for a prayer. His table grace came easiest: "Lord, for what we are about to receive make us humbly thankful," he exclaimed, and the mule had bucked and he was in.

THE GRASS WIDOW.—The term "grass widow" is said to be a corruption of "grace widow," the former expression being merely a barbarism. "Grace widow" is the term applied to one who becomes a widow by grace or favor, not of necessity, as by death, and originated in the early ages of European civilization, when divorces were granted but seldom, and wholly by the Catholic church. When such a decree was granted to a woman, the papal receipts stated, "Vidua de gratis," which when interpreted is "grace widow." In the law of the French it would read, "Veuve de grace," or "grace widow," "veuve" being translated as widow.

Somebody wrote to the editor of a country paper to ask how he would "break an ox?" The editor answered as follows: "If only one ox, a good way would be to hoist him, by means of a long chain attached to his tail, to the top of a pole forty feet from the ground. Then hoist him, by a rope tied to his horns, to another pole. Then descend on his back a five ton pile driver, and, if that don't break him, let him start a country newspaper and trust people for subscription. One of the two ways will do it sure."

A benevolent person gave a memorial window to a new Minneapolis church, with a graceful inscription on the colored glass work, supposed to be from the Scriptures, reading as follows: "I will give the rest." The members were greatly rejoiced at this, believing that the burdensome church debt was about to be assumed by the donor of the window, but joy was turned to grief when one day the giver came over in a frightened mood and had the painter put another o to the "th."

An indignant and belligerent actor once called upon Col. Greene, of the Boston Post, to know what he meant by "putting that in the paper?" and was thrown down stairs. He went down so fast and so noisily that the editor thought he had killed him. Rising to his feet and brushing his knees, the son of Theopis cried: "Mr. Greene, you shall hear from me for this." "Thank God that I hear from you at all," was the devout reply. "I was afraid you were past hearing from."

Says The Dallas (Tex.) Commercial: "The influx of the population into Texas is unprecedented. Not only are the trains packed with passengers, but every by-way and highway leading into this grand State can bear testimony to a tremendous immigration."

A widow once said to her daughter, "When you are of age it will be time enough to dream of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless beauty, "for a second time."

—As illustrating the manner in which the true New England Yankee always evades being "cornered," Arthur Gilman tells a capital story of a Yankee school-master who was always bragging about the United States. In conversation with an Englishman he said, "We can lick you right smart. We've allus done it, and we can do it again. At Lexington, Concord, Saratoga, Bunker Hill, and lots of them places we give you fits."

"Yes," said the Englishman, "I do remember those places; but then there was the battle of White Plains [at which the Americans suffered a severe defeat, and were much disheartened]. We rather beat you there."

"We'al you did. I forgot all about that. I shouldn't have thought of it if you hadn't a-spoke of it. But then, you see, at that battle the Americans somehow didn't seem to take any interest in the fight."

The people of Iowa spend \$5,000,000 a year on school taxes.

The Shah of Persia is planning a new tour of Europe, for the study of European customs.

Mr. Moody is 40 years of age, and Mr. Sankey is 37. The two have worked together successfully for seven years.

The revision of the Authorized Version of the New Testament has been carried to the 73d chapter of Acts.

An Irish sailor once visited a city, where he said they "copperbottomed the tops of their houses with sheet lead."

An eminent philologist, when asked what "MODUS OPERANDI" meant, replied that it was Latin for how the old thing works.

A little boy went to his father crying the other day, and told him that he had kicked a bee that had a splinter in its tail.

Philosophy is a good thing. Philosophy gives a man cheek enough to pay one cent for a newspaper and five cents for a poor cigar.

A man in Tennessee offers a reward of five cents for the return of his wife who cloped with another man and \$5 for a run-away dog.

The English Baptists are about to send a mission to the region watered by the Congo River, recently explored by Henry M. Stanley.

The aggregate value of the cattle, hogs, and sheep received at the Chicago Union Stock Yards for the year 1877 totals \$99,000,000.

A Delaware man had his life saved from the bullet of an assassin by a wallet with \$100 in it. Always carry a hundred dollars in your wallet.

When proposing to a widow, Smidgkins says, the question whether her first husband is dead or divorced should be not so delicately as possible.

It now appears that Brigham Young can his church for all the world as though it was a Chicago savings bank. A great deal of the prophet's true inwardness is beginning to be exposed.

The New York World is not so much excited over the question of a hell as it is about the existence of what is called "Fiddler's Green," which is said to be ten miles this side of the disputed locality.

There are now 851 manufacturing establishments in San Francisco, whose aggregated products amount to \$62,338,000. They employ over 26,000 persons.

A Russian princess has been sent to the common jail for three months to punish her for an objectionable habit of hitting her governess, a lady of noble birth, in the face.

Jacob's taste led him to choose Rachel; Moses' nobility of spirit made him choose to suffer with his own people; Regulus' manhood made him choose death rather than dishonor, but the Burlington school-girl chews gum.

The dramatic obituary for 1877 includes the names of E. L. Davenport, Edwin Adams, Mme. Tietens, Matilda Heron, Lucille Western, Ben de Bar, George L. Fox, (Humpty Dumpty), Tom Placide and Eph Horn, the negro minstrel.

Portrait of General Bob Toombs, of Georgia: "Grizzled, unkempt looks are piled in disorder over and around his broad, high forehead, and the dark skin of his massive features is ploughed by deep lines. When excited his eyes glow, his arms are thrown rapidly and forcibly about, and he speaks in a high, sharp voice."

Our success in life generally bears a direct proportion to the exertions we make; and if we aim at nothing we shall certainly achieve nothing. By the remission of labor and energy it often happens that poverty and contempt, disaster and defeat, steal a march upon prosperity and honor, and overwhelm us with shame.